



Ex-CBI Roundup

CHINA—BURMA—INDIA

**JUNE
1966**





YOU'D HAVE a sad look, too, if you were face to face with a real live cobra, as this snake charmer is. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 21, No. 6

June, 1966

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Another annual CBI reunion is drawing near . . . this time at St. Louis, Mo. As usual, an interesting program has been planned for CBI veterans and their families. As time goes on our ranks grow thinner . . . we never know who will be here for the next reunion. If you are one of the many who have been waiting "for a better time to attend," we suggest that this is the year. Don't put it off any longer . . . make arrangements now to take the family to the 1966 CBI reunion in St. Louis.

● Chinese soldiers in cover picture bring in one of their countrymen who was wounded in street fighting in Myitkyina, Burma. He was promptly evacuated in an American ambulance plane to recuperate far from the roar of battle. U. S. Air Force photo taken 29 July 1944.

● A letter in this issue calls attention to the article about Vellore College which appeared in June Reader's Digest . . . also mentions the fact that a Jeep bought by members of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association was sent to this college a few months ago. It is encouraging that the men and women who served in CBI years ago are still interested enough to help the unfortunate of that area.

● Once again, an advertisement in this issue calls attention to the advantages of membership in the CBI Veterans Association. Many readers of Ex-CBI Roundup have never belonged to the association . . . we suggest it would be worthwhile to find out what CBIVA has to offer.

● Don't forget to let us know when you change your address. Otherwise it costs us a dime to find out you have moved, and you miss an issue of the magazine.

JUNE, 1966



Favorite Magazine

● Ex-CBI Roundup is my favorite magazine . . . every issue is excellent. Keep up the good work. I, for one, would be lost without it.

MARGARET L. KING,
Casper, Wyo.

A HANDFUL OF RAINBOW

First Novel by CBI Veteran

Waldon Porterfield

Who is now on the city desk of *The Milwaukee Journal*.

"A short, swift, vital novel of love and war . . ."

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OPEN CAR in central foreground is one of the many Calcutta taxicabs driven by Sikhs, which many Americans used for transportation during the war. Photo by William S. Johnson.

Two More Deaths

● Members of the Chicago Basha, CBIVA, extend their heartfelt sympathy to the members of CBIVA: Brig. Gen. Lafeton L. Whitney, Ret., who passed away May 10, 1966, and Alfred E. Caron, who died June 6. General Whitney was the Northern Air Commander in India and during the two years he served in that theater he won the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star and the Air Medal for his service. At the time of his death he was executive director of the Wiebolts Foundation. Alfred Caron served with the Army medics, and was a great help in the Chicago Basha. We all knew when Al was around—he was sure to put a little more life in any party.

RAYMOND THIEDE,
Chicago, Ill.

Seeking Buddy

● It has been suggested by John L. Smith, public relations director of VFW Magazine, that you might possibly be able to help me in making contact with an old CBI buddy of mine who lived in Minnesota at the time of his military service. His name is Burton J. Kostel and we served together

in the 327th Harbor Craft Company during the latter part of the war and were based in the Calcutta, India area. I do not know his ASN and his original home address has been misplaced over the years. I cannot recall just where he did say he lived although I do remember that it was in Minnesota. I was browsing

through an old 1948 copy of the Roundup and read an item that a roster of CBI people was being compiled and when completed, would contain the addresses of all former CBI personnel. If such a roster is in existence I would certainly appreciate knowing the whereabouts and home address of Mr. Kostel. I want to get in touch with him as we were real good buddies during the old CBI days. Any help you can offer will be greatly appreciated.

HOWARD B. GORMAN,
65 E. McCormick Dr.,
Sonora, Calif.

Because CBIers do too much moving around, the roster was never completed. Perhaps someone has information regarding Burton J. Kostel. —Ed.

Easy Into Burma

● The article by Russel Prather, "Easy Into Burma," was a most interesting one. Although I prefer shorter articles and more of them, "Easy Into Burma" was certainly, well worth the space given to it.

SAMUEL D. WALKER,
Portland, Ore.



AMERICAN servicemen walk toward Victoria Memorial in Calcutta. Photo by Joel Springer, Jr.



WORKMEN at an India base are busily engaged in building beds, or charpois, for use by American soldiers. Photo by William S. Johnson.

Vellore College

● The June 1966 issue of Reader's Digest carried a story about Dr. Paul Brand of Vellore College in India, condensed from "Ten Fingers for God" by Dorothy Clarke Wilson. It tells about his work as an orthopedic surgeon among the victims of leprosy. Readers of Ex-CBI Roundup may be interested to know that the Jeep purchased last year by the China-Burma-India Veterans Association for Dr. Gordon Seagrave's hospital in Burma, and which could not be delivered because of the Burma Surgeon's death, was sent to Vellore College. Those who contributed to the fund from which it was purchased may feel that they have a part in Dr. Brand's good work.

RAY KIRKPATRICK
San Francisco, Calif.

Gift to Museum

● At the suggestion of Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, I am writing to ask if I can obtain copies of your publication for February, March and April 1966 which contain articles by Russel E. Prather re the commando actions to secure Broadway.

I was never officially connected with CBI, but was sent by a section of Intelligence to Burma to gain information on this operation (among others) and made a trip to Broadway in early 1945. I took photos and made drawings, etc. but my information on this commando operation left many gaps. I have been asked by the Air Force Museum, Day-

ton, Ohio (Col. Wm. F. Curry, Director), to leave to the Air Museum the photos and sketches I made. It is to complete this gift to the museum that I know this article in your magazine can make more complete or particularly more documentary.

PAUL L. BASSELL,
Lt. Col. USAF (Ret.),
Lake Mark, Fla.

Helen Yousey

● This is to inform you that Helen Yousey, Army nurse who served in Ledo, Myitkyina, Kunming and Chengtu, passed away May 6, 1966, after a short illness. I am sure there will be many of our readers who will remember her and be grieved to learn of her death.

JEAN LYNAS,
Leonia, N.Y.

Robert Anderberg

● I have just learned of the passing of a dear friend, former S/Sgt. Robert Anderberg of Lansdown, Pa., a former member of Company A, 1304 Eng. Const. Bn. He was ill for quite a while. He will be missed by all his friends and family.

LOUIS DEZSO,
Maywood, N.J.



STREET merchant in an Indian village weighs his wares for a customer. Photo by William S. Johnson.

St. Louis Ready for CBlers!

Another annual CBI reunion—the 19th—is coming up soon, and veterans in the St. Louis, Mo., area promise this will be the best of all.

The big event will be at the Sheraton-Jefferson in St. Louis, "the big city with the small town friendliness." It is scheduled to open Wednesday night, August 3, and run through Saturday night, August 6.

As usual, it's a family-type reunion, with a program for the youngsters as well as the old-timers. Here's the reunion program, as released by the committee in charge:

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 3

Noon to 4 p.m.—Registration, mezzanine. 8 p.m.—Welcome to St. Louis, Crystal Room. 7 p.m.—Baseball game, new Civic Stadium, children and teenagers.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4

9 a.m. to 4 p.m.—Registration, mezzanine. 9 a.m.—Opening business session, Crystal Room. 1:30 p.m.—Memorial service, Soldier's Memorial. 6 p.m.—Puja Promenade. 7 p.m.—Dinner at Miss Hill-

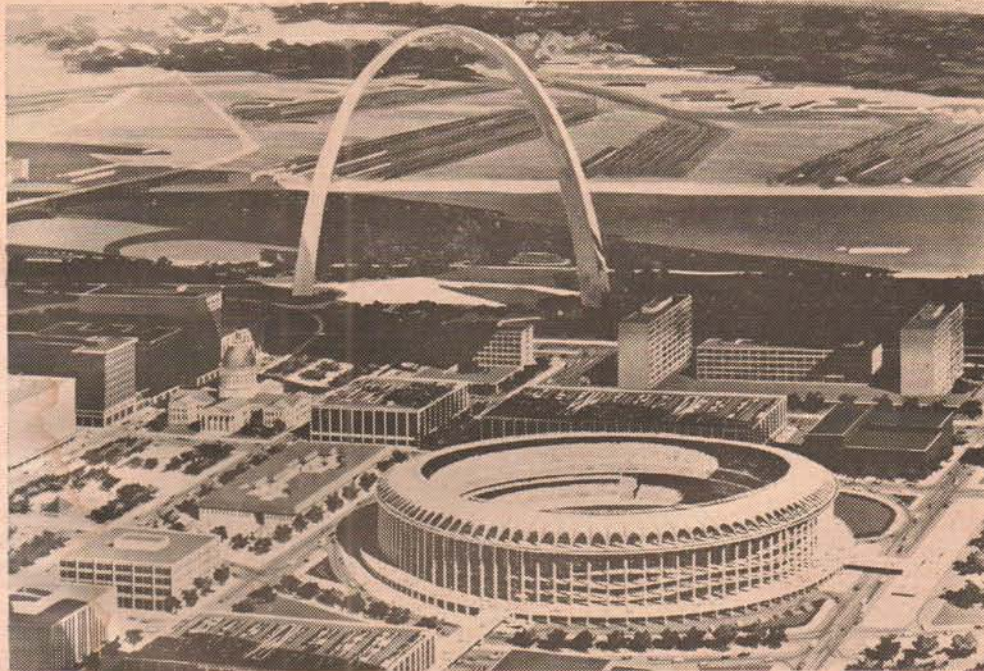
ing's Restaurant. 8 p.m. to midnight—Puja Ball, Boulevard Room (also supervised hospitality rooms for children, with separate meeting rooms provided for children and teenagers). 10:30 p.m.—Teen girls pajama party. 11 p.m. to ??—Hospitality rooms (Mahoning Valley).

FRIDAY, AUG. 5

7:30 to 9 a.m.—Texas Shindig, Crystal Room. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.—Registration, mezzanine. 9 a.m.—Business session, Crystal Room. 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.—Children's and teens' swimming, YMCA. 11:30 a.m.—Tour of St. Louis, buses. 1 p.m.—Lunch in Forest Park; visit zoo, Jewel Box, planetarium, etc. 3:30 p.m.—Return to Sheraton-Jefferson Hotel, buses. 7:30 p.m.—Moonlight excursion on S.S. Admiral (Also supervised hospitality room for children and teenagers.) Midnight to ??—Hospitality rooms (Chicago and Milwaukee.)

SATURDAY, AUG. 6

9 a.m. to noon—Registration, mezzanine. 9 a.m.—Final business session. 1 p.m.



ONE OF the places of interest to be seen by CBlers attending the reunion in St. Louis is shown here. This is the Civic Center, with Busch Memorial Stadium and Gateway Arch.

—Past Commanders Luncheon, Boulevard Room (children and teenagers included). 2:30 p.m.—Shopping tour or free time. 7 p.m.—Commanders' Banquet and Dance, Gold Room. 7:30 p.m.—Children's and teenagers' banquet. 8:30 p.m.—Teenagers' dance; also children's supervised entertainment. 11 p.m.—Hospitality rooms.

St. Louis is a city that combines the industry of the East with the ingenuity of the North, the casualness of the West and the Hospitality of the South. Sights include Forest Park, one of the largest municipally-owned parks in the nation, in which is the nation's largest zoo, the Jewel Box, art museum and planetarium. In the downtown area are the new Gateway Arch, the Civic Center Stadium, the Old Cathedral and the Old Court House.

The S.S. Admiral, which will play an important part in the reunion, is the largest and most luxurious steamer in the country.

In addition, there are baseball games, municipal opera, world's largest brewery, Grant's Farm, Missouri Botanical Gardens, Gaslight Square—the entertainment center of St. Louis—etc. Many other attractions are awaiting the arrival of CBIsers and their families.

Here's an opportunity to meet your buddies from the CBI theater or friends you've met at other reunions—a place to enjoy a real family vacation. Whether you're a regular reunion-goer or a first-timer, plan now to be in St. Louis for the 1966 event.

Make Your Reservations Now For

1966 CBI REUNION

St. Louis, Mo.

Aug. 3-6

SINGLE ROOM	\$ 7.00
TWIN (2 in room)	10.00

Sheraton-Jefferson

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491 Men Killed in Action

This is the story of a World War II unit that was almost wiped out before it arrived at its overseas destination, and then went on to do a terrific job in the war effort. The article was written by an unidentified member of the 853rd just before starting the long voyage home.

On the 24th of May 1943, the 853rd Engineer Aviation Battalion received its initial assignment, one that was of national importance. Though this assignment will never make the history books, it was important for two reasons. First, for the task that was accomplished, and secondly, for the proof it offered that the 853rd could feel confident of accomplishing whatever future mission that might come its way.

The assignment was flood control duty in the vicinity of Lenox, Tennessee, on the Mississippi River. Companies "B" and "C" arrived on the scene the 24th of May, followed the next day by H & S and "A" Companies. Company "A" was assigned the northern part of the levee, which involved repair of a bridge to reach the sector. Company "B" was assigned a critical half-mile stretch in the White's Lake area. The levee in this sector had to be built up two additional feet to meet the expected rise in the flood level. This was accomplished by placing burlap batting and sand bags on the river side of the levee, which meant it had to be done by hand. Company "C" was assigned the sector reaching from White's Lake to the point where the Lenox Road met the river. Here a break in the levee had occurred and the company's immediate duty was to plug this leak, and constantly reinforce threatened breaks. H & S Company was assigned the task of filling sand bags for the line companies and establishing a reserve pool of sand bags, as well as furnishing such heavy equipment and trucks as could be used. As these operations were commenced, word was received that the flood crest would exceed the expected level by 1.9 feet. To meet this emergency the battalion was put on

a double twelve-hour shift basis, with company messing facilities set up in the field, and the men occupying pup-tents on the scene of operations. During this period of crisis 120,000 sand bags were filled and placed on the levee.

On May 29th at two o'clock in the morning came word that the levee had broken in the sector north of that assigned to the battalion. The only thing the battalion could accomplish now was to help rescue families threatened by the breakthrough. This they set about with unflagging zeal. Forty-three families and such of their livestock as could be saved were evacuated from the danger area, while one more effort to stem the inundation was made by one platoon of "C" Company, which filled 2,000 sand bags in forty-five minutes to plug a bridge on the Dyersburg-Caruthersville Highway. The battalion stayed on in the flood area until the 15th of June, repairing damage to roads, and keeping a watchful eye for any further damage from the gradually subsiding waters. Advantage was taken of field conditions in this area to continue the training undertaken at Dyersburg. An inspection of that part of the levee for which the 853rd had been made responsible showed that they had met the responsibility well. Not one part of the 853rd's sector had been broken or overtopped by the rampaging river waters, despite the fact that repair was impossible once the breakthrough to the north had occurred. For their part in the flood control operations, the 853rd Engineers were commended by Brigadier General Tyler, president of the Mississippi River Commission.

Soon after returning to the base at Dyersburg, preparations were made for a new move. During the week from June 26th to July 2nd, the four companies of the battalion moved in a permanent change of station from the Army Air Base, Dyersburg, Tennessee, to Brookley Field, Mobile, Alabama. Both train and motor convoy were utilized in this troop movement, and the several days practise "dry runs" preceding the actual movement insured a minimum of difficulties. Another commendation was received by the outfit from the commanding officer of its former base, for the work it had done and the discipline and behavior of the men while at Dyersburg.

A few miles from Brookley Field was a small airfield named Bates Field. The battalion established a bivouac adjacent

to this installation, stressing camouflage principles in the layout and occupation of the area. The whole battalion now operated as a self-contained unit, maintaining its own utilities (water, electricity, fuel, etc.) and constructing a defense perimeter of camouflaged heavy machine gun installations. Construction work was undertaken at Bates Field, consisting of the erection of steel warehouse buildings, machine shop buildings, garages, barracks, a concrete taxi-way and heavy-type Butler Hangar. An extensive drainage system was mapped out and put into effect.

Bates Field was more or less a proving grounds for the battalion and all work consisted of average assignments that an aviation engineer battalion would receive. Here again the battalion received a commendation, this time from Brigadier General Mollison, Commanding General, Mobile Air Service Command, for the camouflage of our bivouac area, the construction we accomplished, and the spirit of the men.

The word soon came that the battalion would prepare for its overseas shipment. At once the entire organization moved into Brookley Field to start a series of overseas inspections. Equipment was checked and issued, records were put into shape, and the S-1, S-2, S-3 and S-4 sections burned the midnight oil for three hectic weeks.

On the 13th of September the battalion departed from Brookley Field by train and arrived at the port of embarkation on September 15th. Our port of embarkation was Camp Patrick Henry, near Newport News, Virginia. The battalion didn't rest during its stay at Patrick Henry for it was assigned the task of loading ships at the Hampton Roads POE. On October 1st, the battalion commander, Major Alexander J. Frolich, was appointed lieutenant colonel. On the 3rd of October the battalion sailed for overseas. There was no doubt now that we were finally to be in the big show, and that from here on in everything we undertook would be of importance to the defeating of our enemies. None will forget, many of us will relive, the day we left the United States. Would we ever see her welcome shores again, enjoy her hot dogs and chocolate milkshakes, kiss her ever-charming young girls, and of more importance, would we ever see our loved ones again. We knew we were going far, but how far no one knew and the rumors of our destination soared on.

The battalion embarked on two liberty ships to make the voyage. After sixteen days of nothing but water and more water, we had our first glimpse of

land. On the 19th of October, the impressive sight of the Rock of Gibraltar and the shoulder of North Africa loomed out of the morning sea mist.

On the 23rd of October the battalion debarked at the port of Oran and for many of the men it was the first time they had set foot on foreign soil. Almost at once the men were greeted with cries of, "Chewing gum, Joe?"; "Bon bon, Joe?"; "Hey Joe, cigarette?"; from the natives near the docks. We saw our first Arab and realized that the "Arabian Knights" was only a fairy story. For in place of the fine robes and white Arabian horses we saw only old GI mattress covers draped around their bodies, and broken-down mules.

Our stay in Africa was comparatively short and after moving from several staging areas the battalion was attached to the 338th Engineer General Service Regiment. Being true to the ways of engineers we were soon put to work constructing a Butler Hangar for an ordnance depot. Company "B" sent a platoon to Ain-El-Turk for utilities work on a rest camp, while Company "C", in conjunction with H/S Company, worked a rock quarry and constructed a medical warehouse. The remainder of the men were kept busy building latrines and mess halls for surrounding areas, and installing a floating crane urgently needed for the Port of Naples.

On the 23rd of November the battalion again boarded ship for now we were on our final overseas destination—INDIA! We left Oran on HMT ROHNA and bade the shores of Oran Harbor farewell. The next day was Thanksgiving, and though the traditional turkey was missing, the men used canned chicken for a substitute and in true army fashion they joked and laughed at their Thanksgiving plight.

The following morning we glimpsed the port of Algiers on the starboard. The day was clear, the water calm, but tension mounted imperceptibly, for we were approaching the one remaining danger zone of the Mediterranean that stretched from Sicily past Crete. We'd gone through that same feeling during some "submarine scares" crossing the Atlantic, and most of the men shrugged it off.

But, at 4:30 the afternoon of the 26th of November, 1943, it happened!! Even after enemy planes were spotted approaching our little convoy of thirteen ships, we thought, "It won't be us." The next hour found HMT ROHNA in the thick of it. Escort ships opened fire, as did the transports, including our own.

At approximately 1700 hours the HMT

ROHNA was struck amidships on the port side at about the water line by what appeared to be a radio-controlled glider-type bomb. The resulting explosion created terrific havoc and disabled the ship at once. A hole was blown through both sides of the ship and also the explosion went upwards through the promenade deck on the starboard side and blew superstructure in all directions, killing many of the gun crew on the top deck. The center of the explosion was in the engine room and completely disabled the engines. This resulted in the loss of all lights, communications, and water pressure. With all the pumps out of action it was impossible to fight the rapidly growing fires aboard the ship, or control the flood of water pouring into the ship. All except a few of the men working in the kitchen were killed immediately.

The 853rd Engineer Aviation Battalion, which was quartered entirely, with the exception of about 50 men, in troop decks 6, 7, and 8, bore the brunt of the explosion. Men were blown from the places they were sitting or standing like leaves in the wind. Mess tables were shattered and thrown about. Hatch covers in holds 7 and 8 were blown skyward and many men were tumbled down into the open holds, amid the fire and exploding ammunition.

Despite the fire, smoke, darkness, and cries of the wounded, the men still alive worked feverishly to help others to escape the inferno in the holds. Many men who were badly wounded, in utter disregard for their own personal safety, stayed in the hold and helped effect the escape of trapped men. Troops in the forward part of the ship were comparatively little affected by the explosion. Other than the darkness that resulted, they were not harmed and all escape exits were usable.

At 1730 hours the word was given to abandon ship . . .

Many lost their lives in the choppy sea as the weather had gotten bad since midday and a strong wind was now blowing and the sea was running high. Of the 16 life boats aboard the ROHNA only 5 were lowered, due to the inexperience of the Indian crew, and the conditions of the boats and davits.

Three ships were participating in rescue operations, made difficult by the darkness and roughness of the sea, and they were often forced to withdraw from operations to repel enemy attacks. The sea was extremely cold and rough by nightfall. Many lives were lost because

men were unable to hold on to rafts and were so weakened by the exposure that they could no longer keep their heads above water, even with the help of life belts.

On the morning of the 27th the USS PIONEER, SS GLEN CAMPBELL, and HMS ATHESTONE steamed into Phillippeville, Algeria, and started to unload their survivors and dead. The USS PIONEER carried the bulk of the survivors. Two other ships, HMS HUNT and HMS MINEFIELD, that had been sent to the vicinity of the attack during the night, picked up remaining men who had survived the night in the water, and brought them into Bougie, Algeria, the same morning.

At Phillippeville the dead and wounded were taken to the 67th and 100th British Hospitals and those at Bougie were taken to the 69th British Hospital. Those not requiring medical treatment were taken to nearby British transit camps in both places.

The first roll call at Phillippeville was one to sadden hearts, for only 129 out of 793 men answered. However, many were in hospitals and it was impossible to determine how many were actually lost. At once efforts were made to clothe and equip the men. American issue was not available so we turned to British style and soon everyone was sporting British uniforms.

On December 1st the remainder of the battalion boarded a train (one of the "Forty and Eight's" of World War I fame) for Bizerte. It was a sober trip for too many familiar faces were missing. The weeks that followed were busy ones and everything possible was done to help keep the morale high.

For enlisted men and officers alike it meant starting all over again to rebuild the outfit. New records had to be made, clothes issued, and changes made in the organization to meet the situation. From time to time a few men would rejoin the organization from various hospitals where they had been recuperating.

On December 31st a check of survivor rosters showed the following information regarding the state of the 853rd Engineers. Of the 30 officers and 793 enlisted men that boarded the HMT ROHNA, 10 officers were missing in action, 20 survived, 9 of whom were injured; 485 enlisted men were either dead or missing in action, and of the 278 that had survived, 138 had been injured. In the short span of one year, the 853rd Engineer Aviation Battalion was born, reared to maturity, and nearly died when it lost 62 per

cent of its personnel in the greatest sea tragedy of the war.

On January 8th, 1944 the battalion boarded HMT TAKLIWA with renewed hope, a firmer determination, and a first hand knowledge of the ultimate meaning of war.

February 1st we arrived at Bombay, India, and here at last was the country of skinny, dark-boned people; bullock carts; and the land we often heard referred to as mystic, romantic, and enchanting. For those who debarked at Bombay there was no romance, enchantment or mystery. There was only a job ahead of us which required the maximum output on the part of every officer and enlisted man. However, we did acquire new sayings to our already growing vocabulary, and "baksheesh", "nay malum", "juldi jao", and "teek hai" became familiar expressions.

After a train trip across India we arrived on February 9th at Kalaikundah, Bihar, India, the headquarters of Engineer District No. 10. Three days later, Chakulia, the site of a proposed B-29 base was established as our bivouac and headquarters.

Gravel became the primary concern in order that construction on the new VLR (very long range) fields for B-29's could get underway. This task of supplying gravel was given to our battalion and with limited personnel, equipment, and strange crushing machines, the Battalion was immediately confronted with problems. The set-up for operational flight B-29's and transports were based on the following facts:

One depot and operational base at Kharagpur.

Three operational bases at Chakulia, Piardoba, and Dudhkundi.

One standby operational and transport base at Kalikundah.

We knew that speed was necessary in the construction of these fields, for the sooner the fields were constructed, the sooner the B-29's would fly against the Japanese Empire.

The landing strips were constructed to a length of 7500' by 150' in width. Taxiways were 60' to 75' wide. Slabs of concrete 10" thick were necessary to support the heavy B-29's.

It is interesting to note the physical characteristics of the B-29 which later played a major part in the ultimate defeat of Japan:

Gross weight loaded, 140,000 pounds. 70 tons.

Dual wheel contact area 764 square inches.

Contact pressure, 85 pounds per square inch.

Landing speed, 115 to 125 miles per hour.

Minimum turning radius, 60 feet.

Wing span, 141' 2".

The battalion not only had the fields as part of their construction assignment, but also housing accommodations, hangars, power and light necessary for operating the field, as well as the base, and ammunition dumps to store the bomb loads that the B-29's could carry. All had to be included in the task of preparing the "Baker Two Nine" fields for active operations. The construction was carried on over a period of a year with the vast majority of the work being done from February to September. We worked two shifts, 20 hours a day, seven days a week, under the torrid sun and monsoon rains. We beat the elements, for the B-29's flew against Japan in June of 1944, 5 months after the initial construction operations had started.

To add a more personal touch in our little history let us look into each individual company as they took on their assignments.

In the middle of February we found Company "A" operating seven miles east of Chakulia removing river run gravel called "Nebraska." This gravel was of poor gradation and small average size, but was available in large quantities.

Company "B" started a 25-ton crusher at Chakulia in order to crush quartz and later a pit at Dalbhumgarh was put into operation. We received a splendid grade of gravel from our operations at the Dalbhumgarh pit.

Company "C" was sent to Nilgiri, India, to prepare another quarry site. The task here was to build a road bed for 7 miles of railroad spur to lead to the quarry site. However, we found the rock very hard and most of it was crushed by hand, using Indian labor.

H/S Company meanwhile was busy putting our battalion area at Chakulia in shape, setting up heavy equipment and motor pool areas, along with shops for our repair work. Part of our trucks and equipment, as well as a welding unit, were brought in from Calcutta at this time. In March H/S took over the Chakulia gravel operations and road maintenance in order to relieve Company "A" which was assigned another crushing job at Adra, a distance of 150 miles from Battalion Headquarters. Company "A" started operations at Adra with a British crusher and Company "C" returned to Chakulia and took over one shift at the Dalbhumgarh Pit.

Heavy rains during April made gravel production more than a hardship. However, the fields could not be built in

time if gravel production was delayed, so we struggled to maintain a sufficient output. Company "B" had opened a new gravel pit near the Chakulia Airstrip and Company "C" had taken over the entire Dalbhumgarh operation. During the latter part of the month our much-needed replacements began to arrive and those 134 men were a welcome sight, for the outfit was operating approximately 60 per cent below battalion strength.

The month of May heard only louder and louder cries from higher headquarters for more gravel. Company "A" received a 150-ton jaw and roll crusher which helped in expediting production. It was necessary more than once to use field expedients in order to keep the crushers in operation, for parts were scarce and often took weeks to receive.

During June we received a little further encouragement when nine officers and 192 enlisted men, formerly of the 883rd Airborne Engineer Aviation Battalion, joined the outfit and started helping with the work. We were still on a 7-day week 20-hour day schedule, permitting 4 hours for maintenance of all equipment.

Company "C" sent a platoon of men and one officer to Kalaikundah to erect a concrete batching plant for the Kalaikundah Airfield. Company "A" had a platoon of men and one officer constructing a Butler Hangar at the same field, while Company "B" sent a platoon to work in conjunction with the 1877th Engineer Aviation Battalion on the concrete work at the Chakulia Airfield. H/S Company continued to supply all the line companies with equipment operators and necessary equipment to carry on all jobs.

On the 29th of June the battalion felt its first satisfaction in playing a major and constructive part in this story of men at war. The Chakulia Airfield was completed and already B-29's were landing and taking off from this base on their missions against Japan.

The month of July started with Company "C" in complete charge of Dalbhumgarh and Chakulia gravel operations. Company "B" moved to Piardoba to erect Butler hangars, prefab buildings, and needed electrical installations on that field. Company "B", along with these assignments, had the responsibility of moving 25,000 cubic yards of dirt and dressing of runway shoulders.

August came and with it the height of the rainy season. It rained practically continuous both day and night and virtually all jobs ceased to function. Roads became flooded, our bivouac area was inundated, and living conditions were made a little more uncomfortable. Dur-

ing the month, Company "C" sent a crew to Balasore to load crushed rock from native quarries. Company "A" returned to Chakulia by convoy, spending a night on the road due to a flood crest of 12 feet over the roadway the convoy was using.

In September, battalion headquarters made its first move in eight months, leaving Chakulia to open headquarters at Kalaikundah. Company "A" moved to Salua Air Base and started work on electrical installations, concrete work needed on the runway, and construction of ordnance unloading ramps. All road maintenance at Kalaikundah Airfield was assigned to H/S Company. Company "C" sent a detachment to Kalaikundah to complete necessary concrete work on the field, while the remainder of the company carried on gravel operations at Dalbhumgarh.

The work at Piardoba was drawing to a close in October and Companies "A" and "C" were also in the process of finishing their respective jobs. At this time our battalion headquarters took over the administration of Engineer District No. 10, the battalion commander became deputy district engineer of Engineer District No. 10. During this time the headquarters sections, of which you have heard little in our brief history, distinguished themselves in performing our own battalion administration as well as that of Engineer District No. 10.

November found Company "C" moving to join the Battalion at Kalaikundah after having completed gravel operations at Dalbhumgarh. Company "C" soon split its organization, sending 90 of its men to Bangalore, a distance of about 1100 miles, to resurface a runway for the Air Transport Command. One platoon of the Company "C" men still at Kalaikundah was sent to Guya to construct a Butler Hangar. "B" Company completed its work at Piardoba and returned to Kalaikundah to prepare for a move to Tezgaon.

On November 26th, 1944, the Battalion held a review at Kalaikundah and presentation was made of 133 Purple Hearts to the men who were wounded and injured on the 26th of November, 1943.

December arrived without the traditional snow, and all companies were again preparing to move. This time, H/S and "A" Companies were getting ready to travel to the Assam Valley, a distance of about 850 miles from our present location. Considerable work was necessary at this time to put all District No. 10 vehicles in good shape to be turned over to them and also to put all our own vehicles in shape for the trip.

Our second lonely Christmas overseas

found us still at Kalaikundah awaiting shipment. On Christmas day we received another "greeting" from the enemy when the alert was sounded and everyone took off for the nearest slit trench that could be found. The entire area was blacked out, all vehicles dispersed, and the crews manned the guns surrounding our tent area. Bombs were dropped on the nearby airfield, but no one in our outfit was injured.

The New Year came and with it were the memories of our first year overseas. We started the New Year in the Assam Valley with Battalion Headquarters moving first to Calcutta for a month and then on into Assam to stop at a little place near Dinjan and Chabua airfields. Now the Battalion was covering quite a bit of territory. We had men in almost 2,000 miles of India busily engaged at various jobs. A detachment of Company "C" was working at Bangalore. The balance of Company "C" moved to do work on the Jorhat Airfield. Company "B" was sent to the Tezgaon ATC and ASC base. Company "A" located itself at Manipur Road, working on a pipe line under Engineer District No. 12. Heavy equipment operators of H/S Company were working at Chabua, Dinjan, and Mohanbari Air Fields.

During February we found Company "C" grading a fair-weather strip and hauling some twelve thousand yards of gravel. Tournapulls started a runway extension on the Jorhat Airfield with specifications calling for the extension to be 700' long and 200' wide and requiring 13,812 yards of fill. Work was started on roads and revetments for a gas pump, along with building of roads in the ASC domestic area. It is fitting at this time to show that Company "C" finished the proposed job in less time than originally contemplated, while working with about only half the regular company strength. In addition to the Airfield, an Ordnance bomb dump of 15 revetments and hardstands was constructed. Roads around the air strip were constructed and concrete 2,226' x 200, was laid.

Company "B" was now engaged in the construction of Butler hangars, installation of electric power facilities, and construction of a drum manufacturing plant which had a high priority for completion. The drum plant was set up for a 30,000 barrel a month production capacity. Power was supplied by a plant of 3 300-KVA Deisel generators and 3 100-KVA generators. This job was unique in the fact that the barrels manufactured in this plant were to be used for shipping gas over the hump into China. The ever increasing need for gasoline in China ex-

plains the high priority the job was given. In addition to the barrel plant three Butler hangars with metal covering went into construction. It was at this time that Company "B" received the distinction of setting up an Armco hangar, the first of its kind in this area. Many of the "B" Company men will remember the visiting "brass" who came to see its erection.

In March the construction at Tezaon was finished and Company "B" rejoined the battalion at Dinjan, making the trip by motor convoy.

At this time we turn to Company "A", who for some time had been known as the lost company. This was due to "A" Company's distance from the battalion and the widespread work they were engaged in. On the twenty-sixth of March "A" Company had completed 50 miles of pipe line and three pumping stations ahead of schedule. Each station consisted of a housing area, roadwork, 1 500-BBL tank and 2 250-BBL tanks. A manifold system was set up with 5 Buda reciprocating pumps erected on a 5' solid concrete base. A mass of valves and firewalls added to the chores. Upon completion, the company started operations on another pump station in the hill section, cleaning and repairing 100 miles of line.

All this time the men were housed on trains which accompanied them along the pipe line. This was something definitely new to most of the men and added to the drama of laying pipe. Installation of 100 heavy duty 800-lb. W. P. valves with high-test gas in the lines, was the main factor in the hill section. At the same time a crew of "A" Company men was working on a submarine base at Chittagong and another crew was loading pipe and supplies at the Calcutta docks. In June a 7-mile all-weld line was constructed at Faudpur below line to the Ganges River, including a 2-pump RR off-loading facilities at the other end of the line. On August 3rd more additional stations were assigned to boost the flow of gas in the upper section.

In August, after almost seven months of separation from the battalion, "A" Company finally moved to Dinjan to join battalion headquarters.

During this period our battalion underwent a change in commanding officers. Lt. Col. A. J. Frolich, who for two and a half years had been the officer who led us from our very beginning through our training and later through all our troubles, was transferred to a higher command in China, and our former executive officer, Major Grover Godwin, became battalion commander.

At Dinjan, H/S Company, with detach-

ments from "B" and "C" Companies, worked on bomb dump disposal areas, Dikom Staging Area, POL at Dikom, drainage at the 234th General Hospital area, Nudwa oil dump and the Chabua Airfield. Along with work on the AACCS operations building, three Butler hangars and the erection of a control tower at Chabua Airfield were completed. H/S Company also assumed the responsibility of maintaining various roads throughout Intermediate Section.

Company "B" started operations of a quarry at Namrup soon after its arrival in the battalion area. Material was dredged from the river by a 2-yard shovel, loaded in Athey wagons and crushed by a jaw crusher, 1st and 2nd roll crushers. A good grade of material was produced with an average output of 1,500 cubic yards per day. Shipment was made by rail from a spur into the quarry. Pit run gravel consisting of 90% gravel content was loaded at rate of 40 cars a day. Boulders from 4" to 9" were loaded at the rate of 40 cars per day. The plant ceased operations on the 10th of October 1945 and all machinery was dismantled and shipped out.

A platoon of "B" Company started operations of a saw mill with men from H/S and "C" Companies. Rough-grade timbers from forest reserve were cut 6" x 12" and logs up to 18' long supplied the production. This lumber was used primarily for the crating and boxing of equipment. Operations ceased on this job 15th of October, 1945.

"C" Company, soon after its arrival in the battalion area from Jorhat, started construction of Makum ordnance warehouse area. The site which was selected for the construction was swampy marsh land and this, plus inclement weather throughout the job, proved to be one of the toughest factors the company faced in completing the job. Five double twin Nissen huts 180' long were constructed and 6 inches of gravel was put in each of these huts. Meanwhile, the monsoon was in its height of glory with rain almost every day and night, making the area a sea of mud. However, landing mat and much stone finally whipped the job into shape. The men were also constructing culverts and drainage along the first stretch of the Ledo Road. This was the last major job that "C" Company did and was nearing completion when the great news of Japan's surrender reached our ears.

Now the process of cleaning up our equipment and preparing for home began. The salvaging of MTHs and Jay boats became the task for our battalion amidst our cleaning up operations. These

boats were situated in the Brahmaputra River and proved to be a headache for all connected with their salvage. The men were often stranded on sand bars during the operations for two and three days and rations had to be dropped by air. Elephants were used to tug an eight ton boat in order to get it off a sand bar.

Thus, we are brought up to the present. In the past month our organization has again undergone a complete metamorphosis. Since the defeat of Japan the most important thing in everyone's mind is his return to the United States and his eventual discharge from the army. At present our outfit has been declared Category IV and is to be returned to the United States as a unit and to be disbanded there. A short time ago we transferred out about 240 of the men who had been with us for over a year and a half and now we have received about 400 replacements from other organizations who are also eligible for discharge.

Last Sunday Companies "A" and "C" departed for Karachi. At an impressive ceremony at the train, the battalion was presented with its second Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for its distinguished proficiency in the completion of assigned tasks in the Intermediate Section.

Wednesday morning the two remaining companies, H/S and "B", will begin following the route being taken by the two other companies to Karachi, from whence the long voyage home will start.

What has it meant to us, the past three years, more than two of them spent in foreign lands half-way 'round the globe? We have done our share in winning the war, so that we might have the opportunity to build a meaningful future. For this, all the allies can lay some claim. But to us, as individual members of the 853rd, what have these years away from home given us? Each one can answer that best for himself. However, most of us will go back with a better understanding of the world and its peoples, even though our picture is of necessity somewhat onesided. We have learned to distinguish between the differences in foreign ways of living and the basic similarities of human beings, whether they be from Chattanooga or Chabua. We have learned the unforgettable lesson, both first and second hand, that a lasting peace is not just something nice to dream about, but something we must bring about now, or quite possibly perish in the failure. We have learned to appreciate deeply so much we took for granted before, both the little comforts of living, and those persons whom we love, in fact, everything that is symbolized by that magic word, "Home."

CBI DATELINE

*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

DARJEELING—Acting on information, Siliguri customs officers recently thwarted an attempt by a would-be air passenger at Ambari airstrip to smuggle out 248 tolas of gold bearing foreign markings and shaped like biscuits. To add to the disguise, the "biscuits" were carried in a tiffin carrier. Though the officials seized the gold, its owner managed to escape in a car.

NEW DELHI—Agitation of one kind or another occurs at the rate of 36 a week in India, a random official survey shows. The period analysed is from January 1964 to August 1965. The total number of stir—political, labour, employees' or students'—was 2,909. Of these 592 were violent, and the participants in them attacked persons or property in some form or other. In 69 incidents the police resorted to lathi charges and tear gassing and in 89 to firing. The largest number of violent stir was in Manipur, a total of 98. Political agitations numbered 851 and those of labour 991. There were 185 agitations by students, 280 by employees and 113 on economic issues.

VIJAYAPURI—India's only island museum has been inaugurated at Nagarjunakonda, about 100 miles from here. Built by the Archaeological Survey of India, the museum preserves the history of over 2,000 years of the Buddhist period, when Nagarjunakonda was the famous centre of Buddhist pilgrimage and sculptures.

CALCUTTA—A private Indian firm has submitted a plan to provide helicopter service between Calcutta Maidan and Dum Dum airport. The firm has purchased four helicopters and other assets of a Swedish aviation company, and will use the helicopters for special reconnaissance and communication work for the Indian Oil Corporation while awaiting the Union Government's sanction.

NEW DELHI—A primary school in the Mikir Hills, Assam, remains open only for about a fortnight or so each month. Reason: The teacher spends the remaining days walking to a distant place to collect his salary and return. This was reported by the local people to a Planning Commission team which visited the hill districts of Assam last month to study development problems.

MADRAS—Begging will no longer be as lucrative a profession in Madras State as it used to be. It will hereafter entail a fine extending up to Rs 50 or a month in jail. The punishment on second or subsequent convictions may extend up to six months in jail. The Madras Prevention of Begging Act, now in force, authorizes magistrates to send beggars above 18 years of age to a workhouse if they are physically fit for ordinary manual labour. The magistrates may also order that they be detained in the workhouse for one to three years.

CALCUTTA—A new record for Calcutta Port was set recently when about 270,000 tonnes of wheat and rice arrived during one month. The wheat came from the United States and Canada, and the rice from Burma and Thailand, as gifts from Japan and Italy.

DEHRA DUN—Kundan Singh, a farmer of Khurmola village, Uttarkashi district, in U.P., has produced 40.334 quintals of wheat per acre, the highest anywhere in India. The previous record was 28.48 quintals.

KATIHAR—A goods train was found stalled near Katihar recently, and its driver tied to a jackfruit tree by a group of villagers. Train services were disrupted for a couple of hours. When the train failed to arrive at Jalalgarh, the puzzled stationmaster sent out a relief engine. The relief driver discovered what had happened and brought in the train, but the villagers did not allow their captive to go. They alleged that the driver had tried to steal jackfruits, but the driver claimed he had stopped the train to drive away some grazing cows on the track. Railway police later took the driver into custody.

NEW DELHI—The Union Education Ministry has discovered that it is producing more engineers than can be absorbed in the economy. The realization may lead to a radical change in the policy on technical education.

BOMBAY—Smokers in the city of Bombay alone literally burn up Rs 5 crores a year by consuming 220 million cigarettes, worth Rs lakhs, a month. This was reported by Mr. S. Ray, the district sales manager of Imperial Tobacco Company which is introducing the first Indian-made king-size cigarettes in Bombay, Delhi and Madras. The new brand is expected to step up exports of Indian cigarettes which are at present only about a million a month. The Imperial Tobacco Company has already secured an order from Czechoslovakia for 30 million cigarettes of the new brand, worth Rs 6 lakhs.

A Visit Into Tea

BY DESMOND DOIG

From The Statesman

About Siliguri the train plunges through tea gardens, amalgamated rows of precisely trimmed bushes under canopies of shade trees. Mile after mile, hour after hour, tea, tea, tea, and more tea, and shade trees, in blossom, or bare, abundantly green and most of them white-painted to the waist against pests, looking like leggy chorus girls in leotards.

Bungalows on stilts from which servants unfurl washing or beat carpets. Uniformed, pugreed servants, taught never to smile at people in trains. Women tea-pickers, less inhibited, wave between the business of two leaves and a bud, some freakishly two-headed until one separates pick-a-back infants from their mothers.

These are the Doonars and nothing to do with the dour Scots who from the time of the first Indian "cuppa" have been wedded to tea. The name belongs to the mountain passes to the north of the railway track, gateways through the heavily forested Himalayan foothills.

"You must be in tea," says a fellow passenger as sunset and a deluge of cool air through the windows encourage conversation, and taking it for granted that I am (for strong is the association of Assam and European tea-planters), goes on to say that he has a young brother in tea, "an Assistant, you know, sterling chap, good job, though his mother isn't particularly enamoured of it. But you know what women are! Remote garden, NEFA foothills, you know, well almost; tigers and wild elephants abounding; hard drinking and all that sort of thing, but you must know better being in tea yourself, of course." Of course. Which garden did I say I was on?

My admission to not belonging brings our conversation to an embarrassed stop. Until I explain I am visiting friends in tea, remote garden. Bhutan foothills, well almost, and we discover that we have at least one friend in tea in common. "Can't remember his name now, Peter or something or other, sterling chap. Ate poisonous mushrooms I think it was. Died, of course!" Of course.

Rangiya Junction at 2:30 in the morning is a dump—fascinating, but a dump nonetheless. Hundreds of emigrating Nepalese sprawl on the platforms, asleep,

and the upper class waiting room is over-crowded with people asleep on chairs, on tables, on benches, on the floor. The smell is solid, almost visible. No attempt at comfort. None at decor. A notice on the wall claims the furniture was polished in May 1965 and that's the lot. At dawn, as if wired to it, the Nepalese awake, and chatter and feed a fraction of their hunger, and pack their meagre belongings, and answer the call of nature right there on the railway track between the platforms. "Do not use the lavatory when the train is standing in the station" notices warn in railway compartments. A train arrives at sun-up and sucks every Nepali into it with the efficiency of a vacuum cleaner. Then chugs away.

"Filthy place, Rangiya" my companion of the night before had said, and added ominously "you will go on at once, of course." But I am forced to stay till day is established, watching sad sweepers sweep the platforms; watching kites wheel and dive at filth abandoned on the tracks; watching a single ticket collector struggle with evasive crowds the way a water skier might ride a storm at sea—hopelessly. He wears dark patches of weariness under his eyes.

A couple of hours and a short train ride later I am at one of those small country stations with a tentative platform, oil lamps and a red brick building that looks surprised at being where it is—among fields and huts and wallowing buffaloes. The tea garden I'm aimed for is 10 miles away but not a sign of any transport at the station, nor in the little town where an amateur porter leads me through dust, goats, children and a listless market crowd. "There is a fine bus," says the youth suddenly depositing my box in the dust and making every sign of deserting me. "It will be here in just three hours' time, very fast and comfortable. You can wait in one of the shops."

I panic and ask the nearest adult, a Sikh in a terylene shirt, anti-crease trousers and silk turban looking as alien as I in that dusty Assamese bazaar, whether it is possible to hire any form of transport, a taxi, for instance, though I hesitate to use the word in a place so obviously innocent of one. Remarkably he summons a car within minutes, explaining that it has only just arrived in town with guests for a local wedding. It might

even become the bridal car since a larger limousine intended for the purpose has succumbed to the punishment of the country roads and might not recover. At a price I might hire the car for the time it will take to cover the twenty miles to my destination and back.

I pay and keep blessing some unknown bride and groom as we are propelled by dust clouds across fields and through villages, over rickety bridges and then through acres of tea-bushes under shade trees, past a silver painted factory to a bungalow on stilts; silver roof, profusion of flowers about a lawn, a monkey up a pole, and a Great Dane full of hate at first sight. Servants rush the car from the house, uniformed, pugreed, barefooted and unsmiling, malis emerge from under hedges salaaming and vying with a bearer, a cook, a pantry boy, a paniwallah two chowkidars (day and night) and a sweeper, to carry my single suitcase and a garland of flowers unconsciously filched from the bridal car.

I realize immediately that I am guilty of a faux pax. Even if there was nothing to fill them with I should have brought at least two more boxes. The prestige of my host, if not my own, is damaged by this beggarly arrival. "Is that all?" inquires the cook with a sniff and unveiled distaste. The others say "Amen." Tea is served on the verandah. When I am accepted it will be served on the lawn under an umbrella or even under the mulberry tree if I insist. And willy nilly my shoes and socks will be removed by an ingratiating bearer, to be substituted by my host's spare slippers—another slip, I should have brought my own. Today I innocently wear my shoes and socks. I even wear my socks without shoes which, I'm told later, is a grave social indiscretion. Bare feet permitted, slippers on bare feet most certainly, but slippers over socks, or socks alone never. The Establishment will be scandalized.

I am hardly in the building before the first sign of the proverbial tea garden hospitality is manifest in the appearance of a bearer bearing a letter quite obviously for me. But procedure must be followed. The newcomer is stopped inside the garden gate by a mali who gazes at the envelope long enough to interest the paniwallah who bears the letter, very slowly while he reads the address aloud, to the cook who censors it with critical appraisal then passes it to the bearer who tries it on several trays for size then delivers it with a sudden burst of speed.

I am invited to dine the next night by Mr. and Mrs. Somebody on a neighbouring garden who will send their car to fetch me. Informal. The entire domestic

staff watches while I write a note of acceptance. Then procedure is reversed and eventually the mali hands over the envelope to the waiting servant together with complete intelligence on my appearance, my arrival habits, my apparent affluence and the condition of my luggage—just one box.

My host, arrived at last from somewhere on the garden, behaves traumatically when I tell him of the invitation and my acceptance. He pulls at least a dozen notes from his pocket, invitations to the club, to Sunday drink parties, to lunches, teas, and at least three for dinner on the morrow. One of these he has already accepted on my behalf and I begin to realize why tea garden bungalows are so overstaffed as servants are despatched post-haste with notes of acceptance and refusal: for some unbelievable reason (finance) there are no telephones in any garden in the district. I wonder what scores are being settled when my host sends none other than the majestic cook to disengage us from the dinner party I accepted, since the "neighbouring" garden turns out to be twelve miles away, and the bungalow is protected, among other things, by two very large dogs, a tame tiger cub, a python, and a monkey up a pole. "Charming couple, you'll love them," says my host. "We'll make it lunch and they'll keep us for tea and dinner too. This evening it's drinks at some unpronounceable name of a garden. Informal. Charming couple keep Labradors, Siamese cats, gibbons and canaries. You'll love them. Have a drink?"

I might be wrong, but as the paniwallah peels off my shoes and stockings and the bearer serves the drinks, I have a strong suspicion it will be tea on the lawn under the umbrella tomorrow morning. Even the Great Dane might accept me.

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Ex-CBI Roundup

Famine Fighters of India

By DAVID VAN PRAAGH

San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle

MYSORE—At a former maharajah's palace in this neat capital of a former Indian princely state, scientists experiment with milk made from peanuts, manufacture a powder (plain or spiced) called Multi-Purpose Food, munch mango cereal flakes and devise ways to kill rats.

The 350 Indian scientists at the Central Food Technological Research Institute (CFTRI)—the largest food research and development center in the world—are working on solutions to India's chronic food problem that can also be applied in other Asian countries.

They have already come up with many answers that, if widely applied, could make a big dent immediately in meeting the famine creeping across the face of India this year. But for the most part, the new food products and processes developed by CFTRI are still confined to the laboratory—and may stay there unless both Indian government and business begin to show some common sense.

Although CFTRI is government-financed, the bureaucrats and Congress Party politicians who run New Delhi have acted in several important instances to block the fruits of its laboratory research from reaching the Indian people, 60 per cent of whom are undernourished or malnourished.

While there are a few notable exceptions, Indian businessmen are generally too conservative and hungry for quick profits to take a chance on selling new food products even if, as is the case with CFTRI, manufacturing processes are almost given away.

It is the vast majority of India's 480 million people who are left starving—not literally but for the ingredients of a nutritious, balanced diet that can do more than half-fill their stomachs once or twice a day.

An estimated one-third of the food grown in Asia is wasted due to rodents, insects and poor processing, handling, storage and distribution. This figure reaches 50 per cent in India, according to H. A. Parpia, U.S.-trained director of CFTRI, or roughly \$10 billion worth a year or more than 50 million tons.

Six rats, for example, eat food equivalent to the calorie needs of one person. There are between 2.5 billion and 5 billion rodents in India. Dr. Parpia esti-

mates that rats destroy at least 25 per cent of the food raised for human consumption.

One way to make up India's regular food deficit—besides imports from other countries—is to produce more by raising the yield per acre through wider and better use of water and modern agricultural inputs such as fertilizers, improved seeds and insecticides. The government has announced a plan to do this on 10 per cent of India's cultivable land by 1971, increasing total food output by 50 per cent.

Another way is to prevent losses of food through scientific methods. "If this can be done, India will become not merely self-sufficient but have a surplus of food," says Dr. Parpia. "The economy cannot really become self-generating until the food deficit is converted into a food surplus. Concerted efforts have to be made in many directions before this can be achieved."

CFTRI is making many of these efforts both to save food already grown and develop new foods designed to make up deficiencies in the normal Indian diet. It has scored some notable successes.

But it has also experienced some of the frustrations endemic in an economy shot through with government controls, and has seen all too little of its work applied for the benefit of a large part of the population.

"There is a gap between research and development on the one hand and application to industry on the other even in North America," said William J. Gall, director of the Canada-Mysore project, a United Nations-sponsored training program at CFTRI for Asian food technicians. They don't even talk to each other here. Scientists do it in a test tube and don't even know what industry needs."

Dr. Gall does not disagree, however, with A. N. Sankaran, a CFTRI industrial research scientist, who pointed out, "In our country, industries are shy—they only want to enter fields where they are sure of high profits."

The one product developed by CFTRI and marketed on a fairly large scale by a commercial firm is a milk food for babies. But it is too expensive for mass use in a country where the average income per person is less than \$1.50 a week.

CFTRI's most famous product is Multi-Purpose Food (MPF) developed 10 years ago. It is a protein and vitamin-rich tas-

ty powder, in both spiced and plain form, that can be added to normal foods. It is based on peanuts (called groundnuts in India) and chickpeas, from which dal, the pea-soup-like vegetable staple of northern India, is made.

Two ounces of MPF or 10 teaspoons will provide one-third of an adult's daily nutritional needs, and one-half of a child's. Not only are food habits unaffected by MPF but it is cheap—about 33 cents for 2.2 pounds.

It can bring a child stricken with severe protein deficiency—common in India because a poor mother often will

provide milk only to her newest born—back to normal in 40 days. The absentee rate in schools where MPF is served with lunch sharply decreased, and the attention of children sharply increased.

Despite United Nations Children's Fund aid for two of the three factories producing MPF in India, total production—including the potential half-ton a day made by CFTRI itself—is still only 27 tons a day, or enough for a half-million people at most. Its use is still largely limited to scattered schools and institutions.

—THE END.



MEN PICK UP rations from the ration dump on Loi Kang Hill to be taken to front line positions of the 475th Regiment during Burma fighting. U. S. Army Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

BOOK REVIEWS



A HANDFUL OF RAINBOW. By Waldon Porterfield. Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, N.Y. May 1966. \$4.95.

The first novel for a Milwaukee newspaper man who served in the Army as private, NCO and all commissioned ranks through colonel, was in the CBI theater during World War II and has been decorated for bravery. A former Iowan whose hobby is driving sports cars, Porterfield has turned out a well-written and interesting story of fury and passion and war, of tender love between an American Army officer and a beautiful Eurasian girl—with a background of the old familiar sights, sounds and smells of CBI. There have been good reviews in the New York Times, Los Angeles Times, Chicago Tribune and elsewhere.

THE PURPLE PLAIN. By H. E. Bates. Popular Library, Inc., New York, N.Y. April 1966. Paperback, 60c.

A romantic novel set in Burma during World War II, telling of the love between a neurotic British pilot, obsessed with a death wish, and the beautiful Burmese refugee girl who nurses him back to the will to live.

INDIAN SCULPTURE. By Phillip Rawson. Dutton Vista Picturebacks Original. May 1966. \$1.95.

A difficult subject handled very well by the Keeper of the Gulbenkian Museum of Oriental Art at the University of Durham in England. Over 5,000 years of Indian sculpture are here represented by 150 black-and-white photos; the techniques range from the most primitive to the most sophisticated, from the religious to the highly erotic.

CHINESE WARLORD. By James E. Sheridan. Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif. March 1966. About \$8.95.

This story of the career of Feng Yu-Hsiang, one of the most important and colorful of the warlords. It thus becomes a comprehensive and detailed study of warlordism.

SPYLIGHT. By James Leasor. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. April 1966. \$3.95.

Dr. Jason Love, English country doctor with a supercharged Cord roadster and an acquired taste for espionage, is catapulted into a new adventure that begins

in the Swiss Alps and sweeps across Europe and Asia to the Himalayas and an unexpected climax in the palace of the Nawab of Shahnagar. There, at the last moment, Dr. Love foils a world-wide plot—and loses his beloved Cord.

THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN. By Paul Scott. William Morrow & Co., New York, N.Y. May 1966. \$5.95.

A colorful picture of India before independence, woven around a central incident of the rape of a young Englishwoman in an Indian garden in August 1942. The two main threads of the plot are the fate of the girl and the tragic end of an elderly and brave English schoolteacher. Other threads include the pathetic life of an Indian businessman who wanted to be English, the witty first-person tale of an aristocratic Indian lady, and the stolid diary of a British officer charged with keeping order in a riot-torn area.

RED CHINA TODAY. By Hugo Portisch. Quadrangle Books, Inc., Chicago, Ill. May 1966. \$6.95.

An objective look at modern China by an experienced journalist, the editor-in-chief of the Vienna Kurier. The author was allowed to travel widely, although always supervised, within China. His commentary pays special attention to Chinese agriculture and industry. The book is translated from the German by Keinz von Koschembahr.

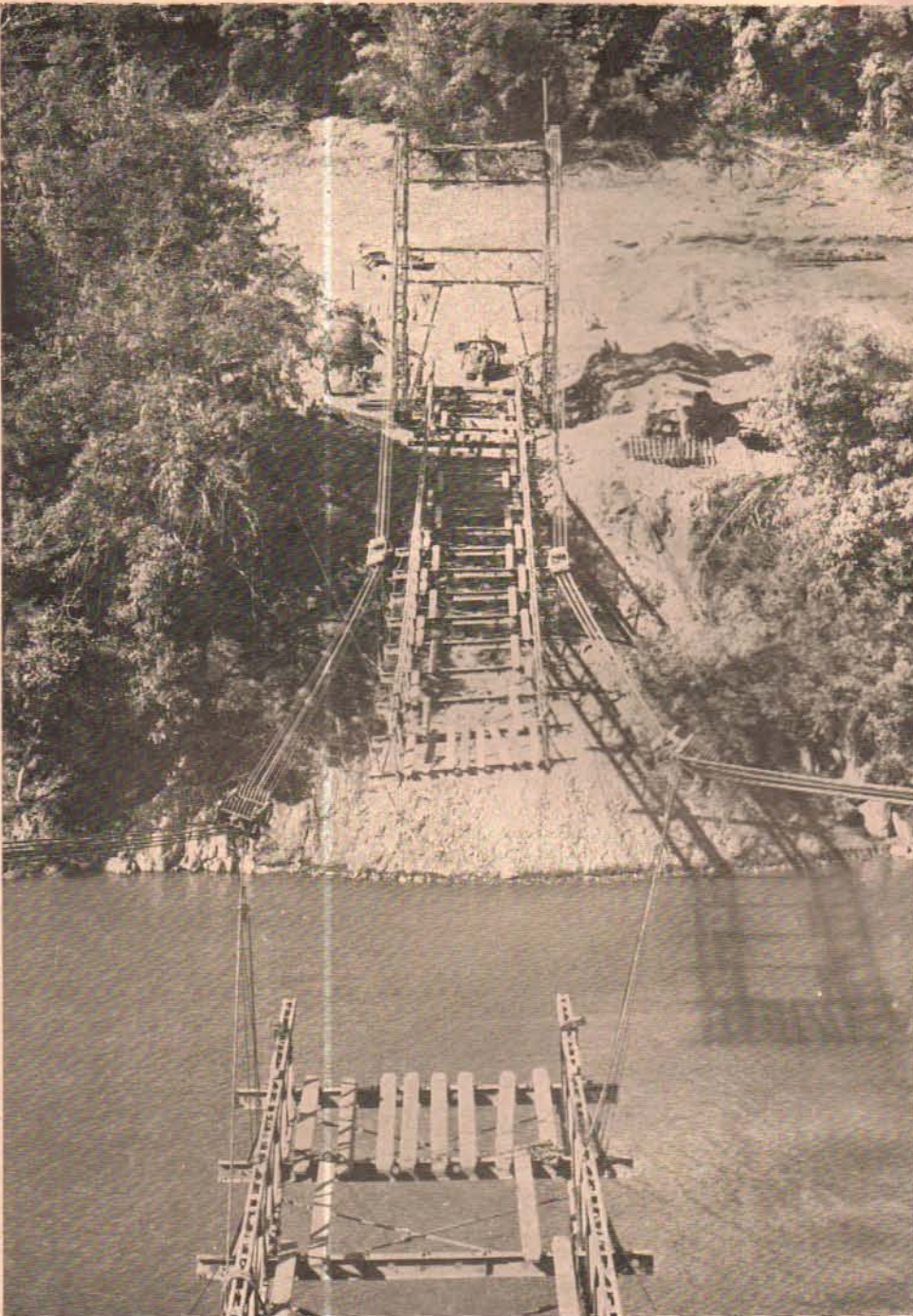
THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN. By Beryl Grey. William Morrow & Co., New York, N.Y. May 1966. \$4.95.

First-hand account of a leading British ballerina's travels in China and the people she met there who are interested in the arts. She writes, apparently without political bias, of an aspect of life in China with which Americans are totally unacquainted and she includes an account of Chinese ballet.

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UNIDENTIFIED photo from collection submitted by John O. Aalberg shows bridge under construction, somewhere in CBI. Letters are invited from readers who think they can identify it.



Commander's Message

by

**Joseph P.
Pohorsky, Sr.**

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

April 29, finds Ida and me on our way to Amana to visit C.B.I. friends Bill and Lina Leichsenring and family. Lina was in a serious automobile accident last year and has had several operations since the accident. She is going back for more surgery in May. She walks with the aid of a walker and is doing quite well. (If you would like to send Lina a card I'm sure she would be happy to hear from you. The address is Box 57, Amana, Iowa.) While in Iowa, we were wine and dined in true Amana style. They still make piestengle wine and serve the most delicious meals in the country.

After a good night's rest (?) and a delicious breakfast at Leichsenrings (tour of the OX Yoke Inn included), we were on our way to the Holiday Inn in Waterloo to attend the Iowa State meeting.

Convention Chairman was K. L. Kober, an attorney from Waterloo. He is a new member and a very fine worker.

At 1 o'clock Saturday the entire group took a trip through the museum of History and Science, seeing "The THEATER OF THE STARS" in the Planetarium. We also saw a film on the American Civil War. The Rath Packing Company presented an outdoor cooking demonstration which was enjoyed by all—especially Kermit Kuhlman, Past Commander of the Iowa Basha. Then we toured the Russell Lamson House.

The Saturday evening dinner of chicken with wild rice and all the trimmings was held at the Holiday Inn. Special guests were Prem Nath Sahai and Mr. and Mrs. Shiv Goyal. They are natives

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—Ed.

of India and instructors at State College of Iowa. They told of current conditions of India. Harold Kretchmar, chairman of the St. Louis reunion, was also present. He encouraged all to get ready for the biggest and best family reunion ever, in St. Louis Aug. 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Amana meats and breads, along with Piestengle, was donated by Bill Leichsenring and Henry Hertel. Cookies and candy for everyone attending was given by Ray Alderson, via United Biscuit Co. Toy tractors from the John Deere Tractor works of Waterloo. A fishing pole was won by Harold Hawk for traveling the longest distance. Toy banks and ladies' purse were donated by the National Bank of Evansdale. Many, many more prizes; more than there is room to mention.

Sunday the regular business meeting was held and then the entire group took a trip to Robinson Crusoe Island. The afternoon found the CBIers and their families at a picnic in Cedar River Park. By this time we were homeward bound, after another most eventful weekend.

Remember our membership drive is still on. My newest member is a CBier from Milwaukee. He is now an assistant city editor of the Milwaukee Journal. He is Waldon Porterfield, the author of a novel, "A Handful of Rainbow," which was just published. He presented me with a copy. This is a spellbinding novel of fury and passion and war in modern India; and of tender love between an American Army officer and a beautiful Eurasian girl. If you have the chance, by all means read it.

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AMERICAN staff sergeant tries India's transportation, goes for ride in pedicab. Photo by William S. Johnson.

Memorial Service

● More than 50 persons attended a memorial service May 29 at the post chapel, Presidio of San Francisco, honoring deceased members of the General George W. Sliney Basha, CBIVA, of San Francisco. Those honored were Margaret Betz (Auxiliary), Joseph E. Campbell, Frank S. Dempsey, Frances Ducey (Red Cross), Marcus Ogden, Joseph T. Ross, Gordon Seagrave, George W. Sliney, Elenor Sliney (Auxiliary) and G. H. (Duke) Wellington. As a special tribute to General Sliney, a plaque was unveiled by his son, Col. Edgar M. Sliney.

RAY KIRKPATRICK
San Francisco, Calif.

Closest Associates

● Having been in Florida for six weeks, I received both my February and March issues a few days ago on my return. As I turned to page 28 of the February issue, the full page picture was a shock for a moment, turning to a

feeling of nostalgia and sorrow. The three officers shown were my closest associates in the Burma Road Engineers. I served as executive officer of District No. 1 in Burma under Capt. Hunter H. Hanks, who is shown in the picture. Captain Hanks' home was

Alexander City, Ala., instead of New York as listed. I had the pleasure of spending one post-war day with him and his family in Alexander City, Ala., in November of 1946. In January of 1957 I learned of his sudden passing... heart attack while attending the Sugar Bowl Game at New Orleans in the company of his wife and some friends. Capt. J. N. Aycock is now a successful bridge building contractor in the state of Pennsylvania and Capt. Q. Y. Ching has just about completed a large project in Okinawa as project engineer (civilian) for the Corps of Engineers.

WALTER A. KEPPLER,
Marmora, N.J.

Back to Alaska

● After an absence of eight years, I have returned again to Alaska. I'm now and again at Seward where I was manager of KIBH in 1953-54... and now operating again after an absence of over a year, knocked out by the quake and tidal wave of Good Friday 1964. See you again when the next reunion comes to San Francisco.

JOEL BUFFINGTON,
Seward, Alaska



BRITISH trucks parked near one of the hotels in downtown Calcutta. Photo by Joel Springer, Jr.



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